

Do You Wanna Be Spooked?

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Summary: A Crack crossover between Halloween and Naruto. Kika, Naruto, and Sakura are watching TV one day when Michael Myers makes an unexpected visit. What will happen?

Do You Wanna Be Spooked?

****So this story was supposed to be scary to give my brother nightmares, but it was spur of the moment, so I'm not very good with spontaneous scary. Oh, well.****

There I was, sitting in the living room on the couch in between Naruto and Sakura. I heard a dull noise and shifted my attention from the television program to the front entryway, and there he stood.

He was six feet tall with an intimidating presence. His face was covered by a mask, hiding his true identity.

He remained silent, but something in my gut told me to run. That he was dangerous.

Naruto stood up from the couch, spilling the popcorn to the floor. "Don't worry, you guys!" he shouted. "I'll defeat this guy, believe it!"

Naruto rushed towards him, kunai in hand, but Michael Myers knew how to kill. He easily overpowered Naruto, killing him with a kitchen knife, causing Sakura to scream and run upstairs.

Michael remained where he was, staring intently at me. One being on my shoulder acted as the voice of reason, telling me to run and call the police, but the other being, acting as the devil, told me to stay and act as Michael's partner.

I opted to run and followed Sakura upstairs where we hid in a closet.

He easily found us, and we were trapped. He took Sakura by the hair and slit her throat.

I screamed, wishing Batman would come to save me, but I knew he wouldn't because he was babysitting my child, Eggsei, at his house.

Using my super awesome, amazing powers, I teleported into the woods with one sentence used to bid farewell to my unwelcomed visitor. "My friend," I told him. "You will remember this as the day that you almost caught Captain Kika Marvil!"

With that, I was in a dark, stormy wood. I began to run, knowing very well that he would find me.

I tripped over a branch, and decided, like most heroines in horror movies, that if the bad guy could catch up to me with a limp while I was sprinting, then there would be no possible way for him to catch me while I crawled on the ground.

He eventually caught up to me, like I knew he would. I began to cry, knowing very well that I would die soon.

"Uncle?" I asked, cautiously, appealing to his sense of family.

He stopped trying to stab me, and I began to cry. "Uncle, why do you try to kill me?" I asked, tears streaming down my face.

He didn't respond, but took off his mask and began to cry as well.

"Uncle," I repeated. "You don't have to try to kill me. We can live together as a normal family."

He nodded, opening his mouth to say something. His first words in over fifteen years.

A flash of red and yellow zoomed past my line of vision, and the next thing I knew, Michael was lying on the floor of the woods, and the Flash stood before me, giving me a sly grin.

"Uncle, huh?" he asked.

"Shut up," I slapped him playfully. "Go be useless somewhere else, jerk."

**The end! You are the best reader ever because this is my
40****th**** story, and it was retarded.**

Anyway, review if you want.

Loves and hugs, my minions!

Yours psychotically,

**Vee **

End
file.